



LA 84 Foundation

One by George Suggs

George Suggs tells a sad story of the South and of its darkest inhabitants.

"Last year," says George, "there was to be a wedding of great importance in colored circles. Preparations were made for weeks, and a big crowd turned out on the auspicious evening. Next day the wife of a local judge chanced to meet the happy bride, who had formerly been her maid.

" 'Well, Martha,' said Mrs. J., 'did you have a big wedding?'

" 'Deed Ah did, missus, deed Ah did. De most splendiferous occasion ob de season.'

" 'Receive many handsome presents?'

" 'Yas'm, yas'm. De hull house was jest crowded wiv de gifts.'

" 'Did you have your house nicely decorated?'

" 'Yas'm, yas'm. Roses an' clingin' vines, jes suthin' beautiful!'

" 'Many fancy dresses, I imagine?'

" 'Yas'm, yas'm. Everybody done wear deir very best. Look jes' like a white folks' dress affaih, yas'm!'

" 'And yourself, Martha—how did you look?'

" 'Ah was suttinly some scrumptious, yas'm. Ah done wore mah white bridal dress, an' oragne bloscomes—yas'm, Ah was some kid, some kid!'

" 'And the bridegroom? How did he appear?'

" 'De bridegroom? Aw, dat triflin', no count, low-down houn' dawg, he didn't show up at all, but we had a magnificus occasion wivout him, jest de same!'